Strephons Complaint

For the Death of his *DAPHNE.*

Or, An Excellent new Copy of Verſes, Sung at *Wincheſter* the 24th day of *September*, 1684. by a Lady of Honour, named *E. G.*

To the Tune of, *Young Phaon.*

WHat art thou fled unto thy Bed
Of Earth for want of me,
I'll follow ſtrait, for life I hate,
When I do think on thee.
Within thy Grave a room i'll have,
And buried will I lye,
Thou didſt complain for me in vain,
Oh! wretched hapleſs I.

Whilſt here I live, no thanks I'll give
To fortune ſo unkind,
Who took my Dear, and left me here,
Perplexed in my mind,
I will away e're long I ſay,
My *Daphne* I will follow,
I'm toſt and hurl'd about the World,
Oh grave poor *Strephon* ſwallow.

Unhappy I aſſuredly
Did break her tender heart,
And for her ſake mine ſoon ſhall break,
This World and I muſt part.
Then none will blame poor *Strephons* name,
When of it they do hear,
They'll ſay he dy'd unpacifi'd,
And troubled for his dear.

Upon my Hearſe write ſome Love Verſe,
You that do ſtay behind,
Let not my name be much to blame,
Although I was unkind
But after death had ſtopt her breath
I heard thereof to late,
And I poor ſoul for her condoul
Curſing my rigid fate.

Where ſhe is gone i'll be anon
And wait upon her there,
Since while ſhe liv'd for me ſhe griev'd,
Amends ile make and pay her.
She ſhall not let me be in debt
For one poor dramm of ſorrow,
And whilſt I live large uſe ile give
If ſighs and tears I borrow.

I'll ceaſe complaint methinks I faint,
So pleaſant's my diſeaſe,
Without being ſick if death be quick
From hence my ſoul ſhe flies.
Into the Bay which Poets ſay
Doth Lovers entertain,
With her to be from torments free
And ſtrangers unto pain.

When there ſhe ſpies my blubber'd eyes
With weeping ſwell'd and red,
She'll laugh and cry aſſuredly
My loving ſhepherds dead.
Then come to me, thy Loyalty
I plainly now diſcover;
For thee I moan'd, I ſigh'd, and groan'd,
Thou matchleſs conſtant Lover.

Now thou ſhalt blame me for the ſame
Which brought us to our ends,
Ten thouſand foes in vain oppoſe,
Who ſeek to part us friends. (ſhould,
Death never could, though thought he
Keep our poor Souls aſunder,
This ſudden change to ſome was ſtrange,
To us it's now no wonder.

Then take a kiſs, and taſte that bliſs,
That none but Lovers know,
Whilſt we did breathe i'th' World beneath
We never could do ſo.
And paleſac'd Death, who ſtopt our breath,
Our joys hath but increas'd,
'Twas but a dream to us did ſeem,
Joy e're we were deceas'd.

In conſtancy ne're fear to dye,
You broken-hearted Lovers,
This very day ſhan't paſs away,
But new freſh joys diſcovers.
To all that came to *Elizium*,
And dye of our diſeaſe,
Shall ever find content of mind,
And ſuch like joys as theſe.

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